

Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XI.—NEW SERIES.

SALISBURY, N. C., JUNE 8, 1854.

NUMBER III

J. J. BRUNER,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

Two Dollars a year, paid within three months from date of subscription; two dollars and fifty cents if not paid before the expiration of the year, and three dollars after the year has expired. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid except at the option of the Editor.

Advertisements in this paper are published at the following rates:

For the first week	10 cents
For the second week	8 cents
For the third week	6 cents
For the fourth week	5 cents
For the fifth week	4 cents
For the sixth week	3 cents
For the seventh week	2 cents
For the eighth week	1 cent
For the ninth week	1 cent
For the tenth week	1 cent
For the eleventh week	1 cent
For the twelfth week	1 cent
For the thirteenth week	1 cent
For the fourteenth week	1 cent
For the fifteenth week	1 cent
For the sixteenth week	1 cent
For the seventeenth week	1 cent
For the eighteenth week	1 cent
For the nineteenth week	1 cent
For the twentieth week	1 cent
For the twenty-first week	1 cent
For the twenty-second week	1 cent
For the twenty-third week	1 cent
For the twenty-fourth week	1 cent
For the twenty-fifth week	1 cent
For the twenty-sixth week	1 cent
For the twenty-seventh week	1 cent
For the twenty-eighth week	1 cent
For the twenty-ninth week	1 cent
For the thirtieth week	1 cent
For the thirty-first week	1 cent
For the thirty-second week	1 cent
For the thirty-third week	1 cent
For the thirty-fourth week	1 cent
For the thirty-fifth week	1 cent
For the thirty-sixth week	1 cent
For the thirty-seventh week	1 cent
For the thirty-eighth week	1 cent
For the thirty-ninth week	1 cent
For the fortieth week	1 cent
For the forty-first week	1 cent
For the forty-second week	1 cent
For the forty-third week	1 cent
For the forty-fourth week	1 cent
For the forty-fifth week	1 cent
For the forty-sixth week	1 cent
For the forty-seventh week	1 cent
For the forty-eighth week	1 cent
For the forty-ninth week	1 cent
For the fiftieth week	1 cent

ilar to the existing or contagious matter will be produced from another constituent substance of the blood.

The state of change or decomposition which affects one particle of blood, is imparted to a second, a third and at last to all the particles of blood in the whole body. It is communicated in like manner to the blood of another individual, to that of a third person, and so on—or in other words, the disease is excited in them also. It is quite certain that a number of peculiar substances exist in the blood of some men and animals, which are absent from the blood of others.

The blood of the same individuals contains in childhood and youth, variable quantities of substances which are absent from it in other stages of growth. The susceptibility of contagion by peculiar existing bodies in childhood indicates a propagation and regeneration of the existing bodies in consequence of the transformation of certain substances which are present in the blood, and in the absence of which by contagion could occur.

[This explains why we can have certain diseases only once, such as measles, &c., for when the disease has pervaded the system, it has transformed all that peculiar matter in the blood, that rendered the person liable to take the disease. It explains too, why vaccination is a protection against the small pox.]

These effects of vaccine matter indicate that a peculiar constitution of the blood is destroyed by a peculiar process of decomposition, which does not affect the other constituents of the circulating fluid.

The susceptibility of infection by the virus of human small pox must cease after vaccination for the substance to the presence of which this susceptibility is owing has been removed from the body by a peculiar process of decomposition entirely excluded.

But this substance may be again generated in the same individual, so that he may again become liable to contagion, and a second or third vaccination will again remove the peculiar substance from the system.

Chemical actions are propagated in no organ so easily as in the lungs, and it is well known that diseases of the lungs are above all others frequent and dangerous. When gaseous and decomposing substances, or those which exercise a chemical action, such as sulphuretted hydrogen and carbonic acid obtain access to the lungs, they meet with less resistance in this organ than in any other.

When the process of respiration is modified by contact with a matter in the progress of decay, when this matter communicates the state of decomposition of which it is the subject, to the blood, disease is produced. If the matter undergoing decomposition is the product of disease, it is called contagion; but if it is a product of the decay or putrefaction of animal and vegetable substances, or if it acts by its chemical properties (not by the state in which it is) and therefore enters into combination with parts of the body, or causes their decomposition, it is termed miasm.

Gaseous contagious matter is a miasm emitted from blood, and capable of generating itself again in blood. But miasm properly so called causes disease without being itself reproduced.—*Leibig.*

An Ohio Novelty.—In Bryan, Williams county, Ohio, there is a novelty which is rarely to be exceeded in curiosity anywhere. All over the village the people are favored with natural fountains. The item thus describes the novelty.

"It is supposed by some that there is an underground lake at the depth of some forty or fifty feet, of considerable extent, as water has been found when bored for several miles around. This is apparent from the fact that every well that is bored affords the strength of others in its immediate vicinity, until its stream is elevated by means of a stock to an equal height. The amount of water discharged by these fountains, however, is not proportionate or equal—the strongest ones being generally east of Main street. The water can be raised in proportion to the stream forced up. There are several that fill a two inch auger hole at the height of eight feet above the surface of the earth, and the others issue a somewhat smaller stream to the height of twelve or fifteen feet. Some of the larger ones throw up small fish, and we are told that there is a very strong fountain about a mile east of this place, in which fish of a blackish color, of the length of three inches, have been seen.

"The work of procuring water is simple and easy. There are seldom any stones met with to obstruct the course of the auger, and but one or two days are required usually to sink a well, of five or six inches in circumference, the necessary depth. Water is found at an average depth of 42 feet. The auger passes through a loose sand until it strikes what is called a "hard pan," a bed of solid blue clay, of from two to three feet in thickness, and of such a nature that it requires a drill to penetrate it. Immediately below this "hard pan" lies the water, embedded, it is supposed, in quicksand, as for some days, in some instances weeks, large quantities of fine white sand are ejected by the water, but the stream finally becomes entirely pure and clear, and no sand is afterwards seen.

"No season or state of the weather has any effect upon these living fountains—nor drought nor flood can change their currents—they are ever the same—their source is inexhaustible, and therefore they cannot fail."

From the Fayetteville Argus.

STEAMBOAT COLLISION.

Last Wednesday evening, a little after sun-down, a collision took place on the Cape Fear River, some thirty miles below Fayetteville, between the steamers Fanny Lutterloh and Governor Graham, in which the former was so badly injured as to sink in about a minute and a half. There were thirty-eight or forty passengers aboard of the Fanny, all of whom were saved—how, we cannot tell. The hand of God was clearly in their deliverance: for at the time of the catastrophe they were in all parts of the boat, variously engaged—some in conversation, some at the supper-table, and others quietly gazing out upon the surrounding scenery about which the gloom of evening was gradually gathering. Quick as thought the tables came crashing down—men, women, children, trunks, carpet-bags and furniture were rolling together in wild confusion; floods of water were rushing in, and, although such a scene was presented, no one could adequately describe. Some reached the Graham from the upper deck of the Fanny; others plunged into the boiling waves to swim ashore; the life boat in which most of the ladies were instantly launched, and the waters around the foundering Fanny were all astir with struggling bodies seeking safety in every practicable way. Had the collision taken place half an hour later, half on board must have inevitably perished. The boats were instantly crushed together; the captains and both crews strained every nerve to save the passengers; such of these as had succeeded in reaching the Graham did what they could to rescue their sinking companions; and all were fortunately saved except the negro boy Sias, belonging to Captain Stedman, who fell a victim to his exertions to prevent the collision. Poor fellow! pitched overboard by the force of the collision, he went down under the Graham, and was never seen more! With the exception of a few bruises no injury, we believe was sustained by any one else, except Mrs. John C. Smith of this County, whose shoulder was unfortunately dislocated by the efforts of her husband and friends to get her up on the hurricane deck of the Fanny with a view of transferring her thence to the other boat.—A little son of John M. Rose, who was separated seven or eight feet from his father, was saved by one of the negro boys that was indicted in this County week before last for setting fire to Murdoch McKinnon's house. Charlie Hayes of the Fanny saved himself; but all did well; and no one could witness the kindness and warmth with which friends and even strangers greeted and embraced each other after their signal deliverance without thinking of the letter of his race.

A few of the passengers went to Mr. Isaac Wright's, in the vicinity, where they were hospitably entertained; and all would, no doubt, have been kindly received had they chosen to go thither; but most of them remained all night on the Governor Graham, whose kind command, Capt. McRae, did all that he could to render them comfortable. The Agent of the Graham in this town, on learning of the catastrophe, engaged the Steamer Sun to go down and bring them up on Thursday.

We have heard many misrepresentations of this unfortunate occurrence—some attaching blame to one and some to the other of the Captains. We believe the occurrence was purely accidental. There may have been some negligence; but we think the boats came so suddenly upon each other at a bend in the river that in their attempts to get out of the way and not strike together, the collision occurred just as two men will run afoul of one another when they meet in a hurry and attempt to pass on the side walk. We certainly blame no one—except ourself for being such a fool as to attempt a trip by water that we might have performed by land.

THE OX THAT WOULDN'T STAY KILLED.

A farmer drove a very fat ox to market, expecting the animal when killed would yield some twelve or thirteen hundred of beef. He sold the ox; the buyer drove him off, and at night came back representing that the animal had been slaughtered and offered to settle for him, but showing an account of his weight that fell short of the expectations of the farmer, who insisted on seeing the beef, and after weighing it with the tallow, he was forced to go home, though not more than half satisfied, with the money in his pocket. During the night after his return, the dead ox came back to the alive and well, having broken out of the butcher's enclosure; and the next day the farmer drove the same ox back to town, and offered to sell him to the same butcher, who having missed the animal, eyed the new comer rather suspiciously, and concluding that he it was who had been sold, bought the ox at a lumping price, and paid for him this time.

At the recent sitting of the North Carolina Diocesan Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a letter was received from the Rev. Dr. Forbes, of St. Ann's (Roman Catholic) Church, in New York, offering to refund \$750 of the money which the late Bishop Ives received from the diocese just before his departure for Europe.

DUEL.

One September I went down to Bath to recruit a little dyspepsia, which had been some months impeding on my diaphragm. Among the pleasant acquaintances I made was that of a young officer of dragoons, who occupied the adjoining apartment to my own. He was singularly unfitted for his vocation—for he was of slight build, and delicate in his looks and demeanor. He looked as if he was better fitted for a life of quiet retirement in some country rectory, than one of bustle in a barracks or camp. He had travelled extensively, however, and was very communicative upon every subject except himself and his family.

One afternoon, just before twilight, we were together in the pump-room talking about quitting it for a promenade, when, as we passed a group who seemed to be strangers just arrived, I felt my companion's arm twitch in my own, and his frame shudder. He stopped, as of course did I, being arm-linked with him. He half turned toward the group, when I heard the words—

"Why, Julia Langton was any body's favorite!" followed by a laugh from one, and a sly nudge from another, directed towards a foreign-looking fellow, who, as these things were said and done, stroked his whiskers very complacently, and looked knowingly; but before I had time to carefully scan him, the young officer sprang from my side towards the group, and, with extraordinary fierceness, cried—"you are a band of liars!"

Instantly the similarity of name just bandied with his own crossed my mind. "Hello! who the devil are you?" cried one of them, whilst all stared.

"Pooh! he's drunk—the Bath waters have proved too much for him!" said another.

"Which of you spoke of the lady just named?" said my late companion.

"Oh! jealous, is he—jealous by the gods!" responded the person with the whiskers, as he stroked them more complacently than ever; "but don't disturb yourself, sir, I can't spare my little Julia, anyhow!"

The words had scarcely crossed his lips when he fell prostrate on the floor, felled by a blow from the young officer, whose arm, if slender, was versed either in science, or was powerfully nerved. Instantly the other companions sprang upon him, while the fallen man was bleeding profusely from the nose. His face otherwise was white with mingled-fright surprise, and rage. He was raised from the ground by his friends.

"So will I serve any who insults my sister," said the officer, Cornet Langton, as he extended his card, and rejoined me, with his excitement somewhat subsided. The cool air of the street reassured him, and he revived.

"It was my sister, sir," said he, in explanation—"my only relative, who, unfortunately, was educated at a fashionable school, and is coquetish and fond of admiration; but as pure and holy in virtue as a saint. To think of her being named in a public place like that!"

I endeavored to calm him. I spoke of the probable thoughtlessness, rashness, and ignorance of the men; but it was hard to calm him.

"Of course I shall be challenged," said he.

"I think not," I answered. "When they learn the relationship, it will be seen at once that you could have done nothing else. He will withdraw the expression, and you the blow."

He slightly laughed, and said—"Perhaps so; but I am prepared to fight for my sister's honor, at all hazards."

In her little waggon on the Brighton said. We are motherless and fatherless now, dear one, but I will protect your honor," and he covered the picture with kisses.

"But now to business," said he.—"When am I to shoot him?"

This was in a tone of affected hilarity. "Perhaps it may be altered," said I, gravely.

He tried to get up a laugh, but then said, solemnly—"I shall not fall. Do you see this ring? It has the motto of our family, given it years ago by royal license on the field of victory for deeds of valor: 'Dieu protegit le droit'—(God will protect the right!) I shall shoot him, for I am right."

"You make no will then? You give no directions whatever?" said I.

"None. I tell you I shall not fall, nor be harmed."

I thought of what my antagonist of a second had said about his principal being a good shot, but reflected, if I repeated it, it might unnerve him; so, seeing his mood, I encouraged him, and in a short time we were quite gay—that is, to appearances—but I have no doubt he was sinking of heart as myself.

We sat and chatted until daybreak, and he told me the story of his life. There was little of romance or general interest in its details; a recital of happy existence—love and domestic bliss—only one slight shade, and that his sisters' volatility of manner, giddiness, an thoughtlessness, which had often made her the subject of observation, but never before of insult. She was now in London with a distant connexion. She, with himself, had a little landed property, from which some reasonable income was derived.

As soon as the dim light of approaching day straggled through the window we parted—he to a bath, and I to an adjustment of pistols and little particulars.—The former I had borrowed of a friend in an adjoining street, who had been on the continent. By a queer device the sight was tipped with a delicate diamond, and the trigger, pressed when its gleam obscured the object from the eye, he said, was indicative of certain death. It seemed reasonable, and I felt my spirits rise, notwithstanding the other was so unerring a shot. Our toilets were soon made, and we walked some mile and a half to the designated spot—a field, with a wood on one side, and a copse on the other. We found our adversaries already present—they had rode down, and had been waiting. Two other things in our favor; for even to the bravest the expectation of a crisis is harassing and depressing—the time before it must be filled up entirely to make the mind most tranquil. As we walked, we talked, and our nerves were cool. We saluted, I approached my opposite, and whispered—"Will your friend withdraw his remark?"

He shook his head, and answered, in a low tone—"He says he is right, and he will not—cannot; that your friend's sister is his mistress, and he can prove it by letters now in the pouch of his jacket. This, of course, would, when explained, only be a fresh reason for a meeting."

I saw that this was so, and we began to prepare. Tossing for the choice of a position—which I had been, while talking, cautiously examining as to locality—I won. He took the word to fire without a moment's hesitation, although the work of design and deliberation of the few moments before; I chose it, and managed to place the cornet with his back to the east, where the sun was beginning to rise, and in range of a church spire just beyond over the hilly ground where we stood. I handed my friend the pistol, and whispered but these words—"When the sight is midway between his shoulders, press, and you have him; and if you miss, don't stir."

He was cool, beautifully cool, and nodded assent. The two took position.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" said my opposite.

There was no answer.

"I take it you are ready; and you will fire after two, and before five."

He paused a moment, and said—"I will now count," and then in a quick tone, said—"Raise; one, two, three, four, five."

The cornet fired at three, the other at five, and both stood firm.

"They have missed," said I, as my adversary came to me; "and shall we have another fire?"

"Of course," he answered; "and you understand why," as we prepared the other pistols.

The antagonist of Cornet Langton left his position, and crossed to a stick near by, where he had hung his coat, and drawing his pocket-handkerchief, blew his nose. It was an act of affected nonchalance. My friend kept his post and did not stir, but took the pistol mechanically.

"I shall fetch him this time," I heard the other whisper to his second, as he resumed his pistol.

There was the same pausing—the same drill of preparation—the same words as before—when both fired, and together.

The cornet was uninjured, while the other fell, with a ball through his neck.

"You see I was right," said he; "I should not be touched.—God has protected the right."

He has indeed, I thought, as I mechanically placed in his hand the first pistol, which I had reloaded, and took from him the discharged messenger of death.

I approached the fallen man, who was evidently in a dying condition, and was unable to articulate. The "Bath surgeon" was by his side, and shook his head at me. The unfortunate man tried to speak; but at last, finding this in vain,

he drew a letter from his vest, and pointed to his coat. I understood at once.—It was brought him. He took out three or four, and handed them to me, pointing at his opponent, who now stood twenty feet off, with his back resolutely turned, and holding the pistol rather carelessly. I knew I had loaded it, and that he was in danger. I knew that the letters might be important, if the intimation given me was correct. I approached him with them in my hand. "Hastily they are from her," said I. He made no effort to take them, but his face became ashy pale.

"I don't believe it," was his response. "He is a double liar."

"Men don't die with lies on their lips," said I, sternly.

"Well, you may read them, if you choose."

I began one; it was full of tenderness, and could admit of but one construction. His frame shook with emotion.

"How is it signed?" said he.

I showed him the bottom of the paper, where was traced "Julia Langton."

His eyes glared—he muttered a curse then sobbed once "My poor sister!"—and quick as thought, and before I could anticipate his motion, he raised the fresh loaded weapon to his brain, fired, and fell dead!

Horror-stricken I ran to the other. He too had just expired, and the souls of the two duellists quitted mortal strife together.

I shall not dwell upon the immediate sequel, nor my after reflections. They were too painful for remembrance. My friend was decently buried in the Bath churchyard, and I left for town immediately, to avoid comment and arrest. I took my friend's personal effects with me, comprising his little valuables and papers, and determined to see the erring and unfortunate sister who had caused this double calamity. I said to myself, "If she be not wholly lost, that will at least bring her to a repentant life." From the second who officiated with me I learned her residence, and thither I went on the night of my arrival. I knocked at the door of the house, and inquired for Miss Langton. "There is no such name in the house," I remembered that perhaps she passed by the name of her betrayer, and corrected my request by substituting Mrs.—

"It's up stairs," said the maid, eying me suspiciously.

I ran up, but as my foot touched the upper stair, a light form bounded forth from a door almost into my arms—then as quickly stepped back. "I saw it was she."

"Well, what message? He is well—won't you say he is, don't you?"

I followed her into the room, and closed the door.

"Don't keep me in suspense!" said she.

I had to, for I was collecting my thoughts. My duty was a very delicate one—particularly as I saw before me a light, fragile beauty, who was not unlike, in form and appearance, to the unfortunate cornet.

"What have you heard?" said I.

"Here—here," said she, bringing forth a crumpled letter from the folds of her dress. "He wrote it the night before, and said he was to fight my brother.—It is some horrid mystery, for I have no brother."

"No, madam," I answered solemnly, "for he too is dead."

"He too—he too!" she exclaimed.

"There are too graveyards which claim them," I rejoined.

"Explain. Two dead!—who are they?"

Mr. Brooks, a respectable farmer of Olympia, Oregon, writes to a friend in Boston a very interesting account of a strange and beautiful tree lately discovered in that country. It was communicated to the Journal of Agriculture, from which we take the following extract:

"A strange and beautiful tree has been discovered in Washington Territory, which is not known to exist in any other part of the habitable globe. The tree is destined, I think, to make some noise in the world. It is remarkable, because its like is not found elsewhere, and on account of its great beauty and fragrance. The tree varies in height from one to seven feet. The leaf resembles that of the pear, while the trunk and branches look like those of an orange tree. The upper side of the leaf is coated with gum, having the appearance of oil, and of the consistency of honey. Handling them causes the gum to adhere slightly to the fingers. The gum, as well as the leaf and bark, is highly odorous.

"The fragrance, which is quite strong, resembles that of bergamot, or ripe fruit, and a few leaves are sufficient to perfume a room. A leaf, fully wrapped up in a paper, so as to be entirely concealed, was handed to several persons, with the request that they would tell by the smell what it was. All expressed themselves highly delighted with its fragrance, but gave different answers as to its character. Some said it smelled like ripe pears—some that it was bergamot; while others thought it smelled like ripe apples. The flower resembles that of the white jessamine.

"This will certainly make a very beautiful and desirable ornamental tree to grow in our gardens, around our dwellings, near the parlor windows, or to form a choice border. Its intrinsic value for these purposes is greatly enhanced by the consideration that it is an evergreen.—This specimen is brought from my farm, and is taken from a grove of about a quarter of an acre. The plant is very rare even here; the oldest settlers of the country say they never saw it growing elsewhere. Still, I have no doubt, it will be found in other places. It has been known to the priests of the Catholic Mission of St. Joseph for some years, but has not attracted attention until recently."

ALL TOPERDOM IN WILD COM-MOTION!

"Groans of the Britton!"

A moral reformation is in the onward march in old Virginia—about 15 counties have recently refused to grant any one license to retail liquor. But some of them merely "scotch the snake;" the county of Halifax (which we had thought "sold to Whiskey") give five Hotels license, but refuse to license Stores or regular-built groceries. Our idea is, if you license one license all; if you refuse one refuse all—down with monopolies and exclusive privileges! But what will the South of Dan do! One or two heroes in the cause have already "snuffed off this mortal coil" (since the Court curtailed license), and we fancy that we hear the expiring groans of other "Brittons" who fought the "critter" until they couldn't stand! Ye men of Blooming faces, peace I ground your arms of rebellion, and bow submissively to the wise behests of the law.—*Ballot Box.*

An Eclectic Joke.—The Baltimore Sun relates the following:

"At the expected moment, a friend of ours was peering with anxious solicitude through his spacious crystal, under the shade of a convenient grape vine, when he suddenly called out 'there it is—by thunder she's gone at him with one of her horns.'" He took down his apparatus thoroughly amazed. "Try it again," he said. He did so. "There it is," he exclaimed, "by Jove she's dashed a horn into his side. She's plunging it into him!" We suggested that it might be something else, and upon examination it proved to be a vine leaf dangling before the semi-obscure extremity of his "fix-ens."

CONTRADICTION.—Why is the Eastern question like muddy coffee? Because it needs settling.